MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR DAILY COMIC PAGE



UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE TODDLE BUG.

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By HOWARD R. GARIS.

One day, when Uncle Wiggliy was hopping along through the woods not far from his hollow stump bungalow, thinking whether it was time to twinkle his pink nose, be heard some voices in the hunder. the busiles.
"Go on now, jump! Jump right over his head!" cried one voice.
"Yes, and if you can't jump over his head, jump on it!" spoke a second

some follypop caramels" thought Uncle Wiggly, looking around for a place to hide. "That must be either the Skee-zicks or the Pipshewah after me, and they want to jump on my head. Oh.

But still Croke was afraid.

"I'm sure I don't know what we are going to do," said Uncle Waggli." Would you like to are to the hollow stump school, and have the lady mouse tracher show you how to jump. Uroko."

"Oh no!" answered the little frog but "Maybe I'll jump all by myself after a while."

Wiggily, looking around for a place to inde. "Hat must be either the Skeesicks or the Pipelbewsh after me, and they want to jump on my bead? Oh, dear?"

The bunny rabbit gentieman was just colly or crawl into a hole which he saw in a log when all at once, he heard a laugh and another voice said:

"There now! Look at Uncle Wiggily. Show him how well you can jump. "Hum! That doesn't sound like the Pip or the Skee," thought Unote Wiggily, urraing ground. And as he just the property of the same bully and Bawly. No-fail the two froggle boys, and the grown. "Buther of the Wiggily," urraing ground. And as he just he property of the same bully and Bawly. No-fail the two froggle boys, and the grown." "Helle," answered the rabbit gentling. "Helle," answered the rabbit gentling. "What's point on, and who is your little frog friend?"

"Oh, that's our bahy brother, named croke," hat's our bahy brother, named croke," what's nice, funny name! laughed Uncle Wiggily. "One he was goily of call him Crouset, after the game we once played with you, said Bawly. "But he gave a funny little crook, when he was eat funny little crook or himself." I never jump as we do. Only he's afraid."

"What's he afraid of?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "On look at Croke, but sort of speak-innow-ret jump as we do. Only he's afraid."

"What's he afraid of?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "It's like a little boy or girl learning to lay, or a little boy or girl learning to walk. They he've to make a start some time. Come ou, new, I'll help you."

But, though the bunny rabbit ganlieman helped, and though Bully and little frok game to the heart and the was so smart that Croko gave a hould.

"One the was affail to hop along as after a should."

"When I was very little I could condition to th

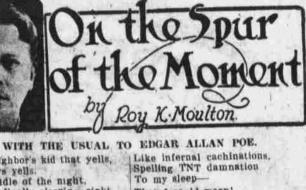
Bringing Up Father-By George McManus



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Mary Thought the Tea rs Were All for Her



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Best Way to Break the Engagement, Break the Fiance



It's my neighbor's kid that yells, | Like infernal cachinations,

Always yells. the middle of the night. When I'm finally sleeping right, How it yells, yells, yells, Yells, yells, yells, Then I question And I wonder why a mother

Cannot smother, smother, smother

Then I could weep! It can yell, yell, yell, Like a choir boy from-Should it stop,

> But I'll always hear its yells, yells Yells, yells, yells-yells, yells, yells

When I hear that incantation,

A FEW DRAMATIC THOUGHTS. Many a man who is a star in the theater is not even a prompter

won't flop.

All the world may be a stage, but most of us stay in the chorus No wonder mummers are "high-flyers," for has not the stage wings

If we believe in a hereafter, the final curtain is not so final after all-just an entracte for further trouble to follow.-Walter Pulitzer.

A MUSHY SOLOIST. WHAT? Abbie Mae Harding rendered a solo Sunday at the church which was very affectionate.—Valparaiso (Ind.) Messenger.

BUSINESS CHANCES. FOR SALE-Ten shares in a corkscrew factory; paid \$1,000 for —From a Facetious Fellow. them; will sell for 10 cents, or what have you?

A REEL TRAGEDY. The authors of movies are in a quandary Since it's been decreed that been's unnecessary;

For murder and crime authors have no excuse, For courage a villain must now drink grape-juice! Since champagne and wine have been wholly restricted;

Each scene on the screen is politely depicted With desperate Davy o'ercoming Marie With only the aid of a glass of iced tea. -Norman Stuckey.

A New Jersey woman wants a divorce because her husband expects her to run the house on \$6 a week. This husband demands daily for his breakfast. Eight eggs, one-half pound of bacon, two mackerel, four cups of coffee, one loaf of bread and fruit.

Added to this is the reut of the home, the clothing and feeding of

herself and a 1-year-old child, and another meal for her husband every evening like the breakfast. It strikes us that some women are terribly unreasonable.

WANDERED FROM WILD WEST SHOW. CIGAR store wooden Indian, old. Owners call at 105 West For-

tieth.-From New York Evening Paper. A minister of our acquaintance thinks there was no flood and no ark. There it goes again. They are going to continue taking things from the Bible until there will be nothing left but the name of the publishing house. The poor whale was pulled out years ago and dumped back into the ocean, hell has been cooled off considerably, and there

is hardly a day but that some wise man removes some generally ac-

cepted passage. Let the book alone and take up a collection. So far as Mexico is concerned, no news is good news. It's all bad.

A WOMAN NEVER KNOWS HER MIND.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary M. Vaughan at Surmeston, Brackley, announced for TODAY (Tuesday), is POSTPONED,

I readiffications and access to -Personal in London Times,

At one of our favorite eating places yesterday we noticed a new sign: "Roast Beef Sandwiches, 15 Cents." The price formerly had been 10 cents. Asked as to the reason, the proprietor said: "They have raised the price of beef 3 cents a pound." Nothing like having an answer ready in case one is required.

ANOTHER IMMORTAL?

One newspaper account says: "The bullet penetrated his right temple, coming out of the left side of his head and embedding itself in a closet door. "He was taken to the hospital, charged with ATTEMPTING to

"We are facing a crisis." says a Washington statesman. But can

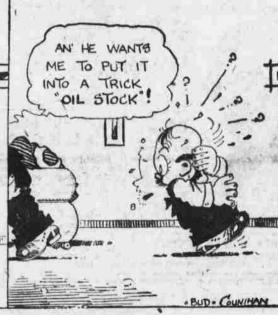
AND KNELT down beside him the statesman tell us of any time when we were not? WHILE WE all watched. AND SHE dropped her bag. Frank Pickup is a New York printer, according to the city WHICH WAS made of silk.



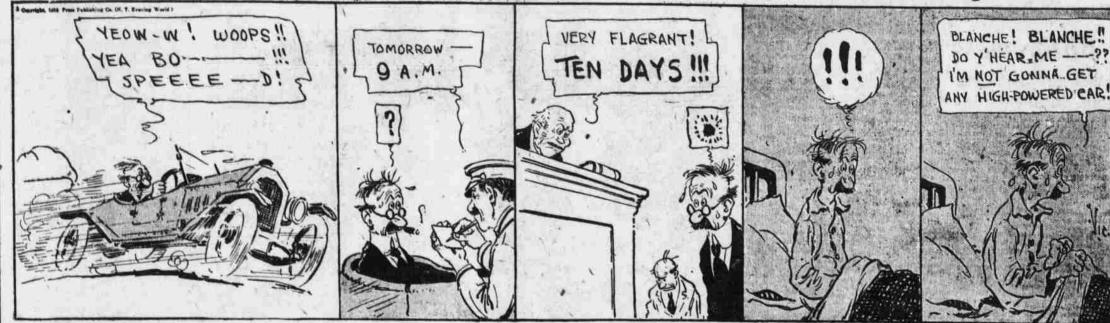


OH! UNK -I





JOE'S CAR -In the Fourth Picture Joe Is Doing Some Thinking





I'D LIKE to tell you. THAT AT noon today. ON A busy cerner. A POOR fellow fainted. HE LOOKED down and out. AND HIS clothes were shabby. AND HE needed a shave, AND PERHAPS he was a bum. OR MAYBE a dope fiend. OR PERHAPS it was the heat. OR PERHAPS he was hungry. BUT ANYWAY. A WOMAN came. IN A blue serge suit.

ON HIS solled cap. WHERE IT lay on the walk. AND TWO men held him. AND SHE patted his hands. AND STROKED his forehead, TO START the circulation. AND SHE opened her bag.
AND TOOK out a handkerchief. VERY DAINTY and white.
AND WIPED his face. AND IT may have been. THAT SHE was a nurse. BUT WHATEVER she was. SHE HAD a kind heart. IT WAS just an incident. ON A busy day. BUT IT strengthened my faith. IN HUMAN nature. AND IN womankind.

TO WRITE it to you. FOR I know you well. THOUGH YOU den't know me. AND THEN I thought. YOU MIGHT publish it. BECAUSE YOU'RE better known. THAN I happen to be. AND SHE might read it.
AND THEN she'd know.
THAT IN the crowd. ON THAT busy street. THERE WERE other men. WHOM SHE helped a lot. BESIDES THE fellow. WHO LOOKED at her. SO WONDERINGLY. WHEN HE came to.
AND I sess he thought, IT WAS just a dream. WHEN HE saw that face LEANING OVER him. OR HE may have thought. THAT SHE was an angel. COME DOWN to earth. BUT ANYWAY. WHATEVER HE thought IN A little while. AN AMBULANCE came. AND THEY took him away.

AND'I made up my mind.

AND MAYBE I've bored you." BUT, K. C. B. I HAD to tell someone. AND WHY not you? I THANK you. Detroit, Mich. R. H. MITTEN.

TO A hospital.

AND SHE went on.

AND DOWN the street,

Just a Moment DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER. Compiled by John G. Quinius, the Sunshine Man.

Thus I will live and walk from day to day. Contented, trustful, satisfied and still; What life so shielded, or what life so As that within the center of thy will. -June Woodfall.

w Christ in the denial of all the wills of self, and then all is out away that separates you from God: the heaven-born new creature will come to life in you, which asone knows and enjoys the things of God, and has his daily food of gladgess in that manifold blessed, and blessed, which Christ preached on the mount.—William Law, Oh, to be wholly thine! To have no thought closed from Thy Spirit; no act other than Thou wouldst approve; no word inconsistent with Thy perfect love; no purpose in which Thou canst not have a part.

HOROSCOPE

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1919. (Copyright, 1919, by The McClure News-paper Syndicate.)

Saturn and Uranus rule strongly for good today, according to astrology, Nep-tune and Mars are mildly adverse. The revival of many Victorian stand-ards of conduct is likely to follow the uncovering of many scandals.

Dress as well as social customs may be affected by the return of emphasis on modesty and the proprieties. The counsel of one's elders should be followed while this aspect prevails, as it is held to be especially wise and helpful. Agitation over army and navy affairs is again indicated by the stars. New scandals will be aired and one will have a lasting and far-reaching effect. There is still a happy omen attending journeys by sea and an important mission sent abroad by either the government or some large organization is well directed.

irected.

Mars, ruling the midheaven at Paris, is most sinister in its foreshadowing. Defeat of the French ministry again is

forecast.

Neptune and Mars indicate serious conditions in Italy and a crisis there will affect the United States in a vital

to be original and successful along un usual lines of work. These subjects of Virgo are usually trustworthy.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

